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Sunday
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Precious Honey Bee: ——

When I rec'd your ~~Saturday's~~ letter yesterday I knew you didn't love me — as it was anything but the big letter I expected. Suppose I ought to punish you by writing you a little one to-day — ought I?

Mom is in the Hospital having entered yesterday. I was so happy when she came in as I feel it is the only thing for her. When I told Mr. Kelly, she was as happy as can be. She is going to see Mom on Monday as she is not down at the Hospital to-day (Sunday). The visiting doctor to Mom is Mr. Kline one of the biggest heart specialists. Mom certainly could never get the medical attention at home that she will get here. And then, too, the rest, which is more than important. I was up to see Mom in the afternoon and later spent about ½ hours with her after Supper. When I, Sadie Englander came up in the afternoon. Mom came down with them. To-day Sally & Rose are coming up. I have just come down from the ward, having spent about 3/4 of an hour with Mom. All day yesterday, the result of the excitement, Mom gave up to have terrible hard Hic-Coughs. This interested all the interns and I am sure that through Mr. Kelly Mom will have all the doctors interested in her. Henry is feeling OK now, and just as soon as Mom comes out, I do hope everything will be alright. Poor Rose has a lot resting on her shoulders. You can well imagine how she felt having Mom enter the Hospital, — and now the responsibility of the house more or less rests on her. As to Tante Rosie, they never as much as told her when Mom

left. She simply see Mum, (writes Faye), on Friday, and of course Mum was thinking of entering Bellevue. She never a much as asked Mum how she was feeling or when she was go. I suppose when she finds out, she will make out that she as as the injured party. You know her. I do hope she does not c into the Hospital and raise a murmur. I should just put it pass her. On the whole, I think Mum feels better.

Sure am happy, too, that you won your uncle's case I just felt you would. It made Mum particularly happy. I got your letter just as Mum came home and that was the first thing I told her. It cheered her up a bit. I feel as though that will be the means of having Mum come down all the sooner; just as you wrote in Mum's letter I'll bet Uncle Morris was as happy as a two year old when you got the verdict. Eh? Am certainly sorry, honey, that your big letter will not come until to-morrow, it did not come yesterday. You are cruel, cruel!

"I wonder I don't love you anymore?" Sure, I wonder simply because you don't love me, and because you write such stuffy letters. Oh, honey, three weeks from to-day, I'll be with you! No more spending a Christmas Sunday for neither of us! Pretty, pretty soon you shall have your dream come true. Will you be happy? Oh dear,! think of being in our own home! Only two and a half weeks more! I will fly. Next week, I expect, I'll buy my ticket. Will let you know just as soon as I do. To-day is simply glorious! I am writing this sitting down near the water. You remember that little old bench facing the water, don't you

I do hope Fancy that by the time I come home you will be a full fledge mason. Fact is, I am sure you will be. I too, am very happy you joined. I can't I became a member of the Eastern Star or whatever they calls the lady's organization connected with the masons! There is an organization of that kind here in the city. Anyway, if I can't, I shall be able to go with you to their affairs. Uncle Morris, must be happy over it.

There are 2 boys in a row boat paddling around the river. The sun is a warm and as bright as can be. There is a gentle breeze, enough to keep the air cool + clear. Oh honey! to have you here! It certainly does feel like a summer's day. Birds chirping all over and the sun simply sparkles on the water. Everyone around the hospital is happy. It's Easter Sunday, the flowers, + outdoors everyone is all toggled up. I am saving my fine togs for you, and I sure do look like a poor church mouse.

Mr. + Mrs. Lippman were down to see them on Friday night. I told Mr. Lippman you had written me that he wrote you. Gosh! He sure does like you. I had 3 more of those pictures (post cards) printed, and gave him one. The other I cut to fit my locket. It sure does look wonderful. I keep opening it up about a million times a day to look at my hubby. Just the head looks out at me from its frame and seems to say, so appealingly to me, "When are you coming to your loving Jonesie & Joie?" I shall be down please God. There was a letter from yesterday – that will be May 10th. The third picture, I gave to Ray, as she wanted it badly

I am certainly sorry to say that I was not able to have a pictures snapped decently of my self so that I could send it to you. I took 3 rolls of pictures (18 in all) and of the 18 only 9 came out. They were not exposed either, but Mr. Lesian (the man that developed them) thinks something is wrong with the shutter of the camera. I was very sorry indeed as I had some snapped of me just before she left and I did so want to have them. Of that entire roll of 6 - not one came out and I am very disappointed. The snaps that I am sending you of the baby, were mostly snapped by me, and they are about the only ones which came anyway decently. I think the films were poor as I noticed the pictures are all scratched and one in which Evan was holding the baby the baby was wonderful, but there was a hole in the film right where Helen's face was, so of course they didn't print it. We had some time trying to snap Lady Helen as you can readily see from the expression and position of those around her. The simply would not keep still, the little dear. I can't, I so want, try to describe to you how wonderful she is. Wonderful & beautiful are the only 2 words which cover it. One of the Tuker in uniform was snapped by Mrs Sandlers in the dispensary. The one I snapped of him did not turn out. (The ink in my fountain pen ran out hence the pencil as I am still sitting down here near the river). In the picture where Helen looks so small we tried to erect a little grand stand for her, - the grand stand consisted of an inverted wash boiler covered with a

blanket. Ray is on the left hand side of the picture & it is I that is sitting on the ~~left~~ right hand side. They printed 3 pictures of me, but they were so miserable looking, I had them snapped the day following the receipt of your miserable letter, that I destroyed them. You would never have recognized them as being me. I sure did look as I felt. Will try my luck again, however, as soon as I have the camera looked over. Am very sorry honey that of all the pictures I had snapped there is not a single decent one of me. However you can see for yourself the sort of a baby Helen is now!

I shall send you back from Mary, as she asks me last time I came up to let her know whether I wrote to you or not. I am now going to take a run up again to see her. Will try to get off for the afternoon & run down so that I can do something. The time is getting short now, you know.

Am sorry dear I can't make this as long as I would like to, but will do better next time. Shall close, precious with all my love, hugs & kisses which, soon, very very soon, I will be able to give you personally. I shall close

Everlasting

Your little wife

Make your next Sunday's letter, the last one addressed to the Hasp.